MARVEL COMICS
#17
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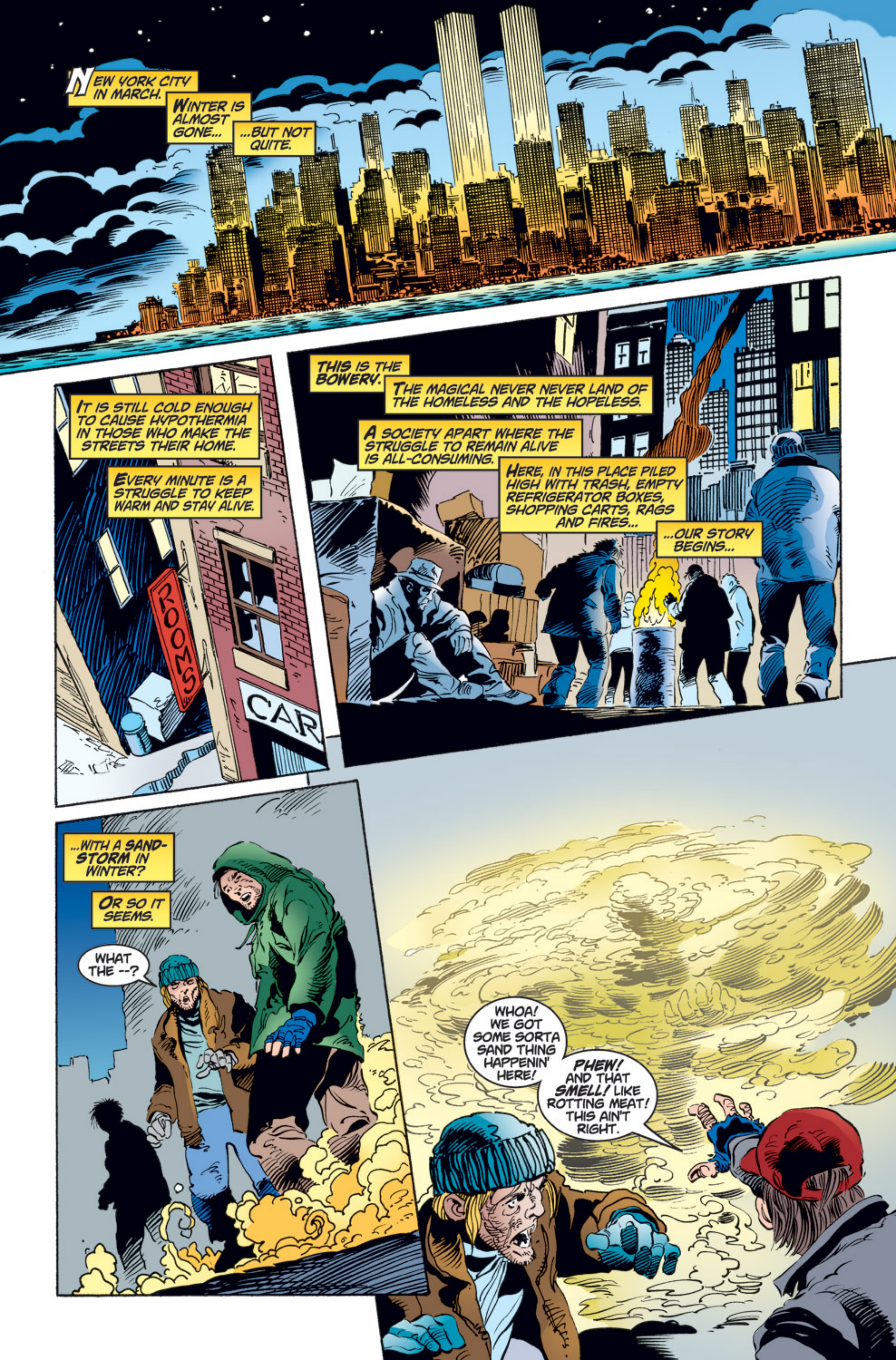
THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MACKIE
BYRNE
GREEN
MÁS...


NEW YORK CITY IN MARCH.
WINTER IS ALMOST GONE...
...BUT NOT QUITE.
IT IS STILL COLD ENOUGH TO CAUSE HYPOTHERMIA IN THOSE WHO MAKE THE STREETS THEIR HOME.
EVERY MINUTE IS A STRUGGLE TO KEEP WARM AND STAY ALIVE.
ROOMS
CAR
THIS IS THE BOWERY.
THE MAGICAL NEVER NEVER LAND OF THE HOMELESS AND THE HOPELESS.
A SOCIETY APART WHERE THE STRUGGLE TO REMAIN ALIVE IS ALL-CONSUMING.
HERE, IN THIS PLACE PILED HIGH WITH TRASH, EMPTY REFRIGERATOR BOXES, SHOPPING CARTS, RAGS AND FIRES...
...OUR STORY BEGINS...
...WITH A SAND-STORM IN WINTER?
OR SO IT SEEMS.
WHAT THE --?
WHOA! WE GOT SOME SORTA SAND THING HAPPENIN' HERE!
PHEW! AND THAT SMELL! LIKE ROTTING MEAT! THIS AIN'T RIGHT.

At a demonstration on Radiation, high school student PETER PARKER was bitten by an Irradiated Spider from which he gained the Arachnid's Incredible Abilities. When a burglar killed his beloved Uncle Ben, a grief-stricken Peter vowed to use his Great Powers in the service of his fellow man, because he learned an invaluable lesson: With Great Power must also come Great Responsibility. Stan Lee Presents:

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!

DUST IN THE WIND

His name is the SANDMAN!

And right now... ...he's dying!

MYSTERIO!

It's YOUR fault this happened to me!

I'm goin' to find you...

...and make you PAY!

John L. Byrne
Howard Mackie
story and art

Dan Green
inks

RS & Comicraft's Troy Peteri
letters

Joe Rosas colors

Ralph Macchio
editor

Bob Harras
chief

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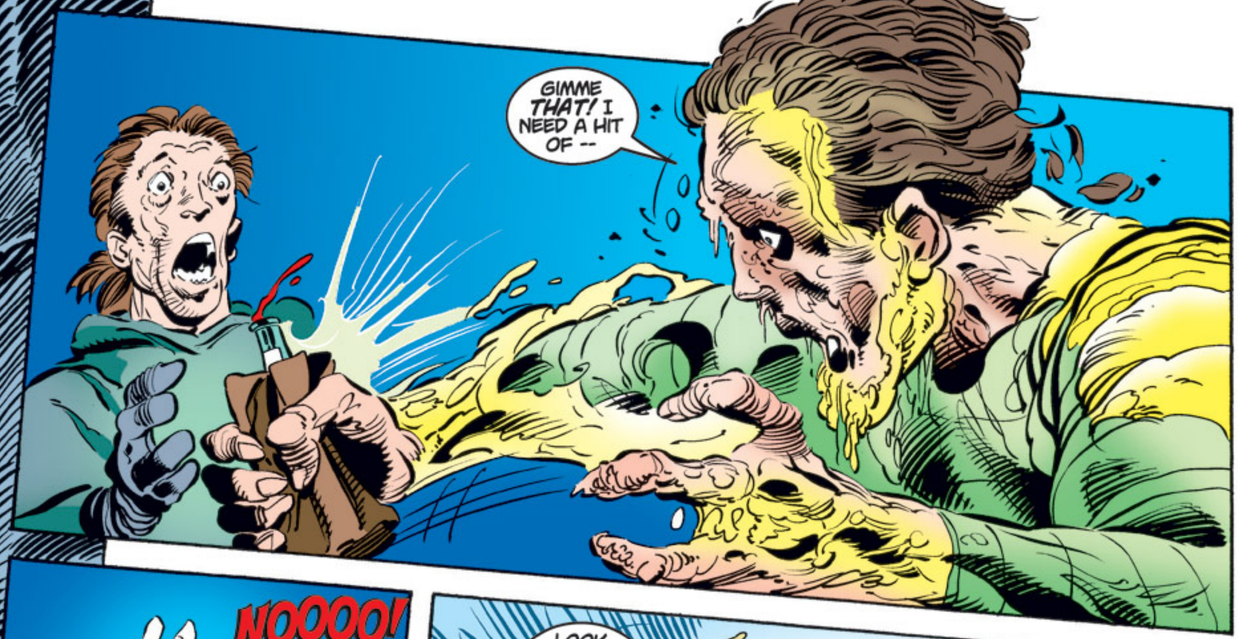
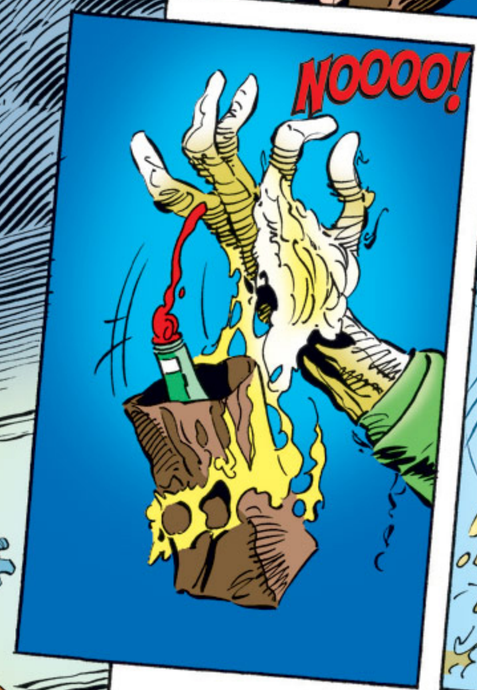
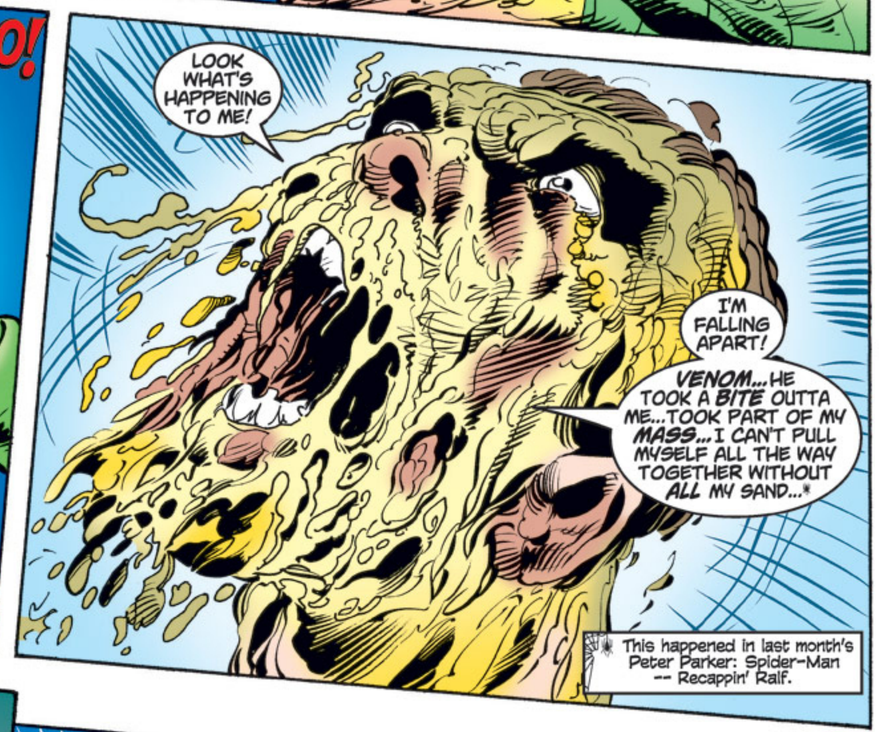
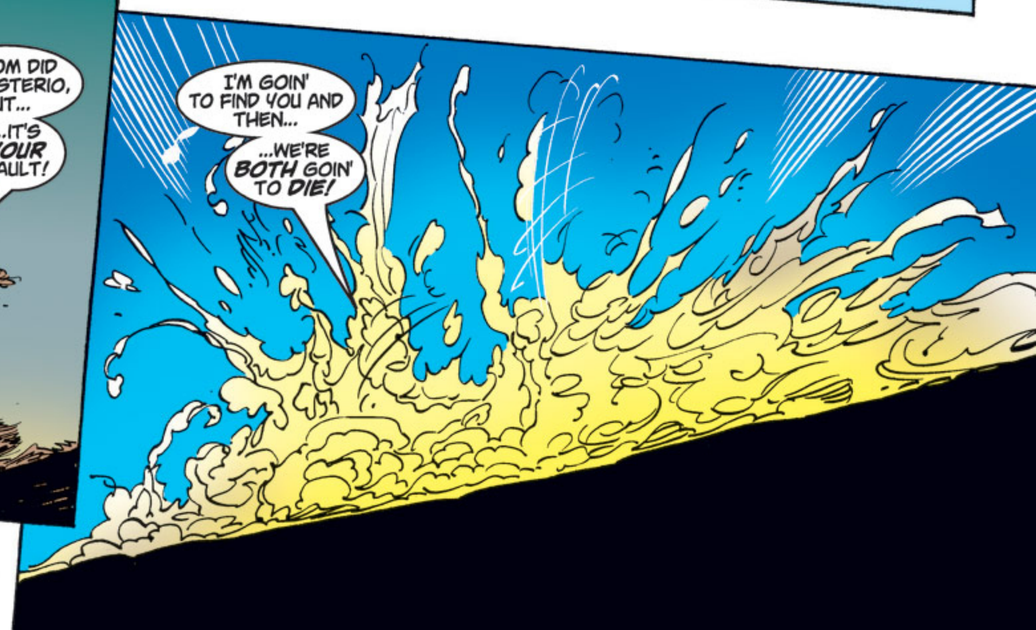








MEANWHILE...
A SHORT TIME AGO, PETER PARKER LIVED IN A LUXURIOUS FIFTH-AVENUE PENTHOUSE.
THINGS HAVE CHANGED.
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
COMING.

YOU READY, PETER, OR WHAT? NOT A BIG FAN OF HANGING AROUND BARELY LIT HALLWAYS IN QUESTIONABLE BUILDINGS.
SORRY, GLORY, BUT MY CHANGING ROOM IS UNDER RENOVATION AT THE PRESENT TIME. AND SINCE THIS IS MY ONLY CLEAN SUIT...
LOOK, I APPRECIATE THIS MORE THAN I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO --
YOU DON'T HAVE TO THANK ME. IT'S A FRIEND THING.
I SET UP THIS INTERVIEW FOR YOU BECAUSE I KNOW YOU, MY FRIEND, NEED A JOB.

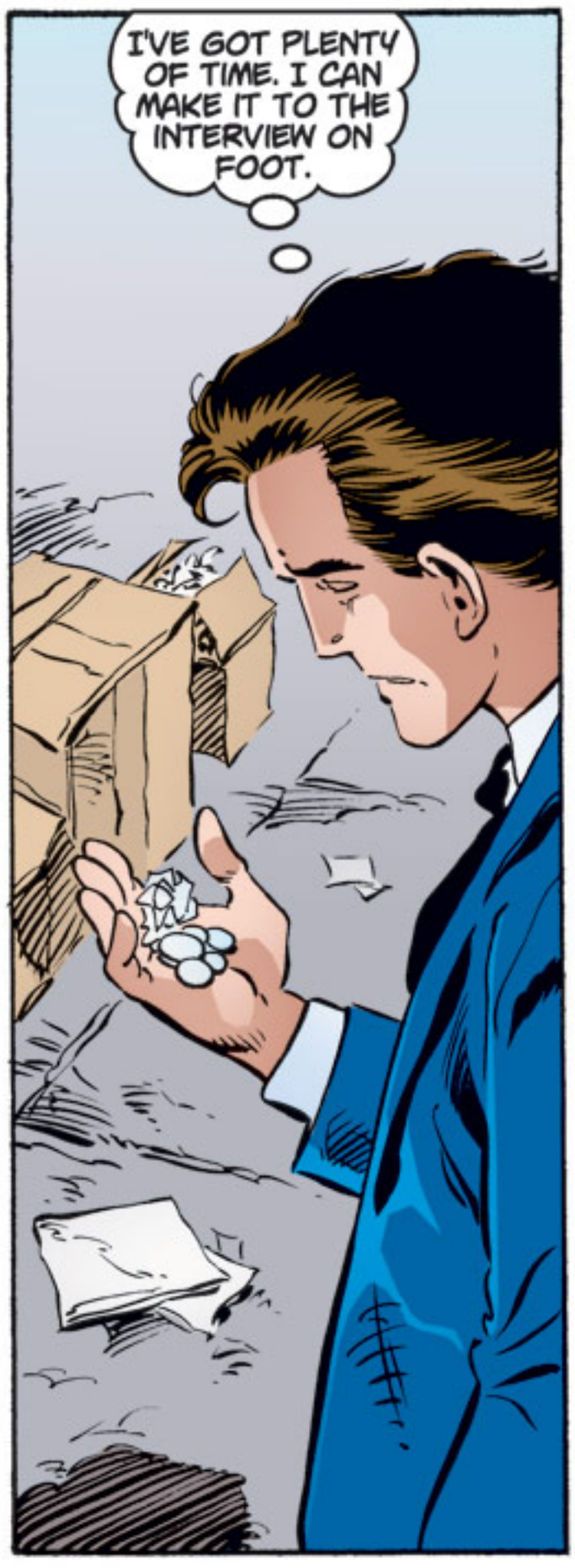
ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE RUNS A SMALL RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT OFFSHOOT OF A PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY.
TWO FRIENDS NEED HELP. I PUT THEM TOGETHER. MAJOR KARMA FOR ME IN THIS AND THE NEXT LIFE.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SHOW UP, PETER.
PLEASE... DON'T...YOU KNOW...

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DOWN, GLORY. YOU...EVERYBODY... HAS BEEN SO GREAT TO ME SINCE MARY JANE... DISAPPEARED --
I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DOWN.

GREAT.
NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE DAILY BUGLE. OR JONAH WILL HAVE ME LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB!

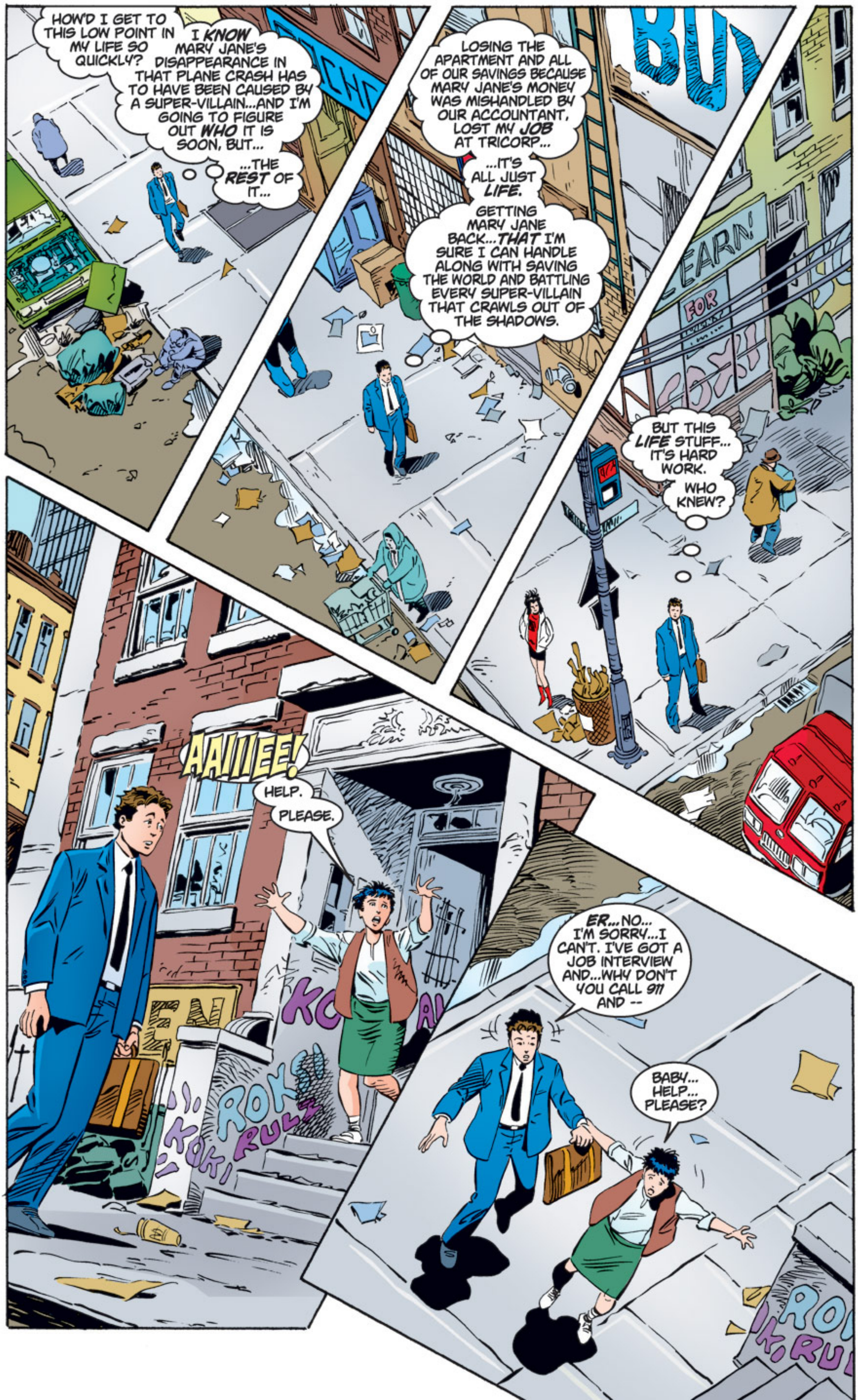
GLORY'S RIGHT...THIS BUILDING IS THE PITS!
I HATE LIVING HERE!
I HATE HAVING NO MONEY... AGAIN!
HATE HAVING NO JOB...WORRYING ABOUT AUNT MAY... AND HOW I'M GOING TO BE ABLE TO HELP HER.

AND I'VE GOT TO FIND THE TIME TO GET BACK ON MY FEET AND FIGURE OUT WHERE MARY JANE IS.
SHOOT! I DON'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR THE SUBWAY!


I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME. I CAN MAKE IT TO THE INTERVIEW ON FOOT.

JUST CAN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO GET DISTRACTED AND...

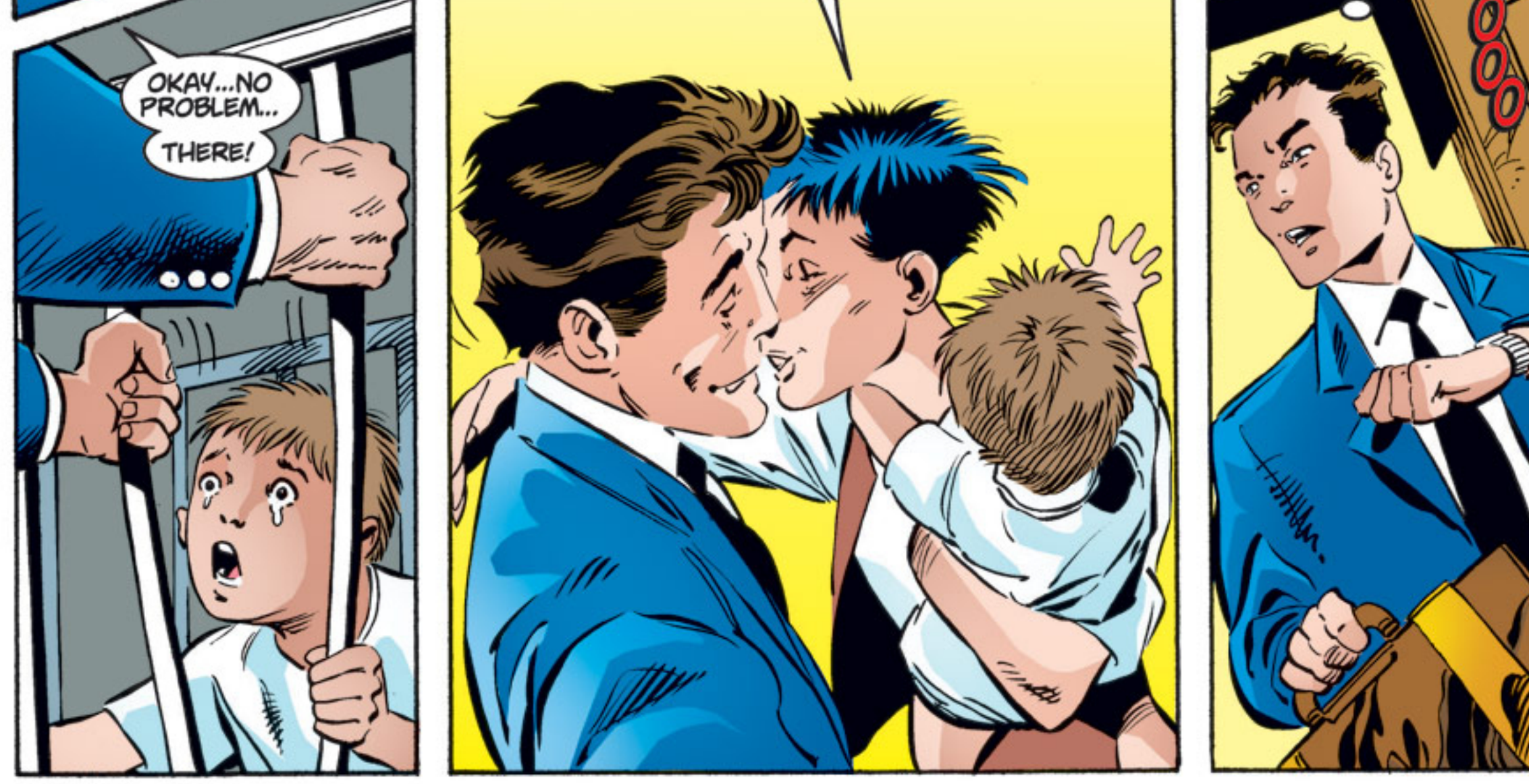
...DEFINITELY NO SPIDER-MAN!


HOW'D I GET TO THIS LOW POINT IN MY LIFE SO QUICKLY?
I KNOW MARY JANE'S DISAPPEARANCE IN THAT PLANE CRASH HAS TO HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A SUPER-VILLAIN...AND I'M GOING TO FIGURE OUT WHO IT IS SOON, BUT...
...THE REST OF IT...
LOSING THE APARTMENT AND ALL OF OUR SAVINGS BECAUSE MARY JANE'S MONEY WAS MISHANDLED BY OUR ACCOUNTANT, LOST MY JOB AT TRICORP...
...IT'S ALL JUST LIFE.
GETTING MARY JANE BACK...THAT I'M SURE I CAN HANDLE ALONG WITH SAVING THE WORLD AND BATTLING EVERY SUPER-VILLAIN THAT CRAWLS OUT OF THE SHADOWS.
BUT THIS LIFE STUFF... IT'S HARD WORK.
WHO KNEW?
AAIIEE!
HELP. PLEASE.
ER...NO... I'M SORRY...I CAN'T. I'VE GOT A JOB INTERVIEW AND...WHY DON'T YOU CALL 911 AND --
BABY... HELP... PLEASE?

I DON'T NEED THIS.
WHY IS IT ALWAYS ME? WHAT... AM I THE ONLY SUPER HERO IN THIS CITY?
I DON'T THINK SO!

MAN! THIS BUILDING MAKES THE ONE I'M LIVING IN LOOK LIKE THE HIGH RENT DISTRICT!
OKAY...I'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE. I CAN HELP THE LADY'S BABY, GET OUT OF HERE AND STILL MAKE THE INTERVIEW.
I AM NOT GOING TO MESS THIS UP!

BABY... HELP... PLEASE.
HIS HEAD IS STUCK IN THE BARS OF THE CRIB?


OKAY...NO PROBLEM...
THERE!
THANK... YOU.
SURE...NO PROBLEM.
NOW, I HATE TO RESCUE AND RUN, BUT, ACCORDING TO MY WATCH, IF I LEAVE RIGHT NOW, I --
SIRENS?
WOOOOO

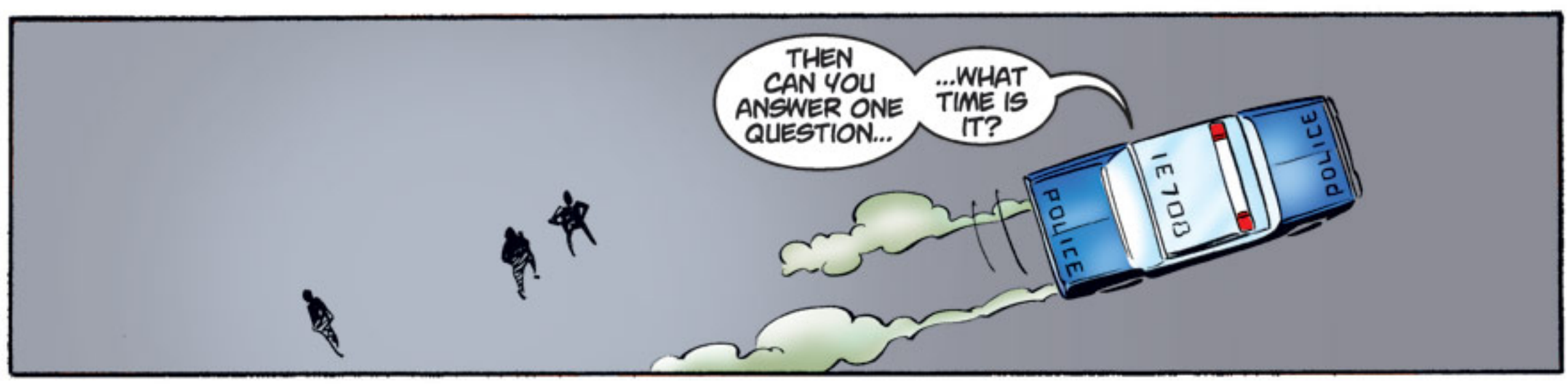
THIS IS THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT!
THE BUILDING IS SURROUNDED!
EVERYONE COME OUT WITH THEIR HANDS UP! THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING!
NO!
IT'S A DRUG RAID! LOOK AT ALL THOSE WELL-DRESSED PEOPLE MOVING FROM THE SHADOWS.
THIS IS SOME SORT OF CRACK HOUSE.
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE --
MOVE IN!
NYPD
NYPD
I'VE --
WHO IS THAT? LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE --
HANDS AGAINST THE WALL! SPREAD 'EM!
FWAMM

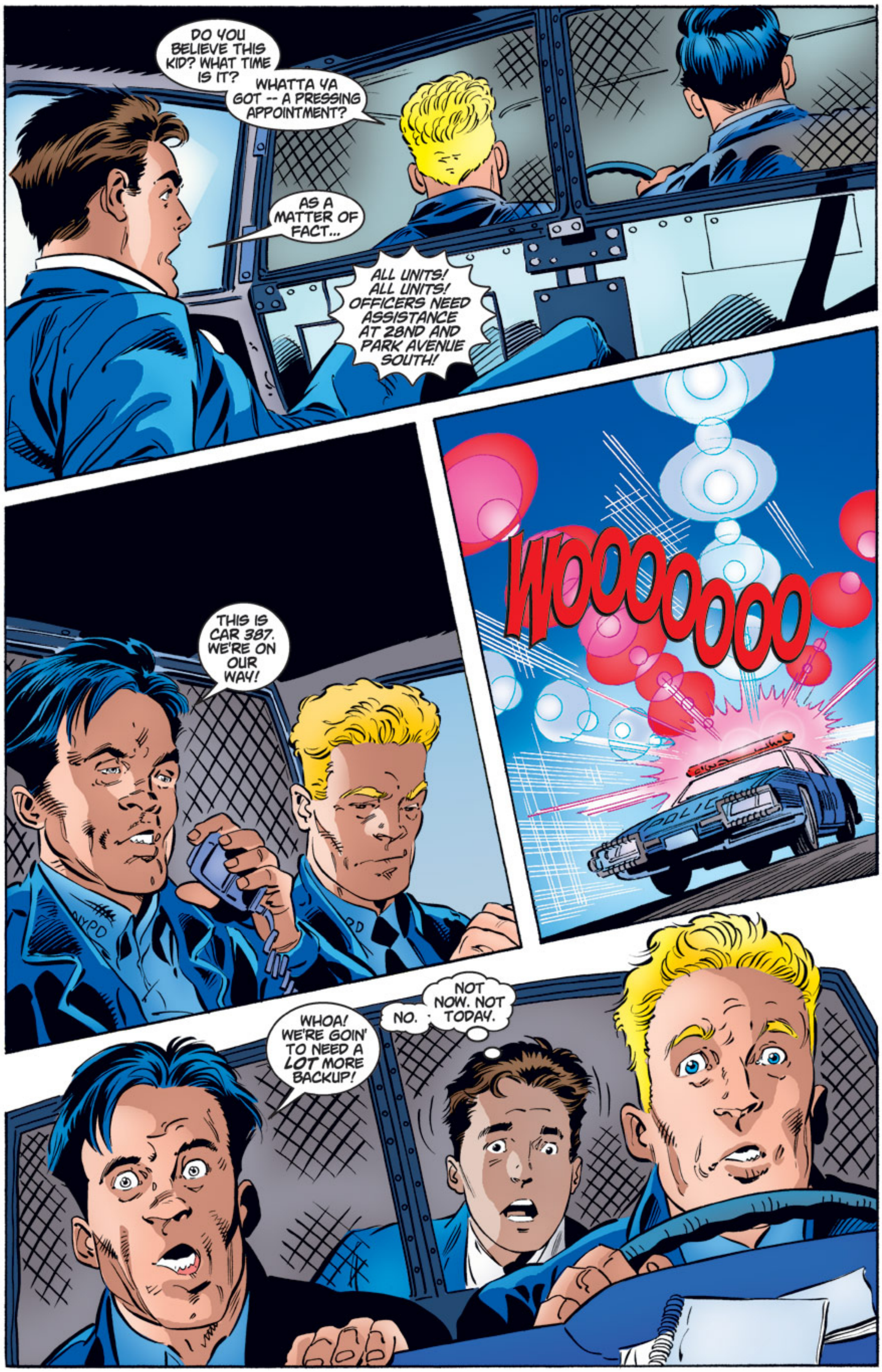
NO, OFFICERS, YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND I WASN'T HERE FOR --
SAVE IT! I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.
NO...THERE WAS A WOMAN, WITH A BABY, HIS HEAD WAS STUCK IN THE CRIB...I WAS HELPING HER AND --
SHUT... UP!
POLICE
POLICE
DARE!

I COULD SNAP THESE HANDCUFFS SO EASILY AND BE GONE FROM HERE BEFORE THEY EVEN KNEW WHAT HAPPENED!
SORRY! NO ROOM AT THE INN! WE'VE GOT A FULL LOAD!

LUCKY YOU! YOU GET TO RIDE WITH THE BIG BOYS!
YOU KNOW...YOU KIDS MAKE ME SICK.
YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING HANDED TO YOU...AN EDUCATION, JOBS AND OBVIOUSLY WAY TOO MUCH MONEY.
AND THE ONLY THING YOU YUPPIES CAN THINK OF TO DO WITH THE CASH IS SPEND IT ON DRUGS THAT'LL TAKE EVERYTHING AWAY FROM YOU!
POLICE
1E70C

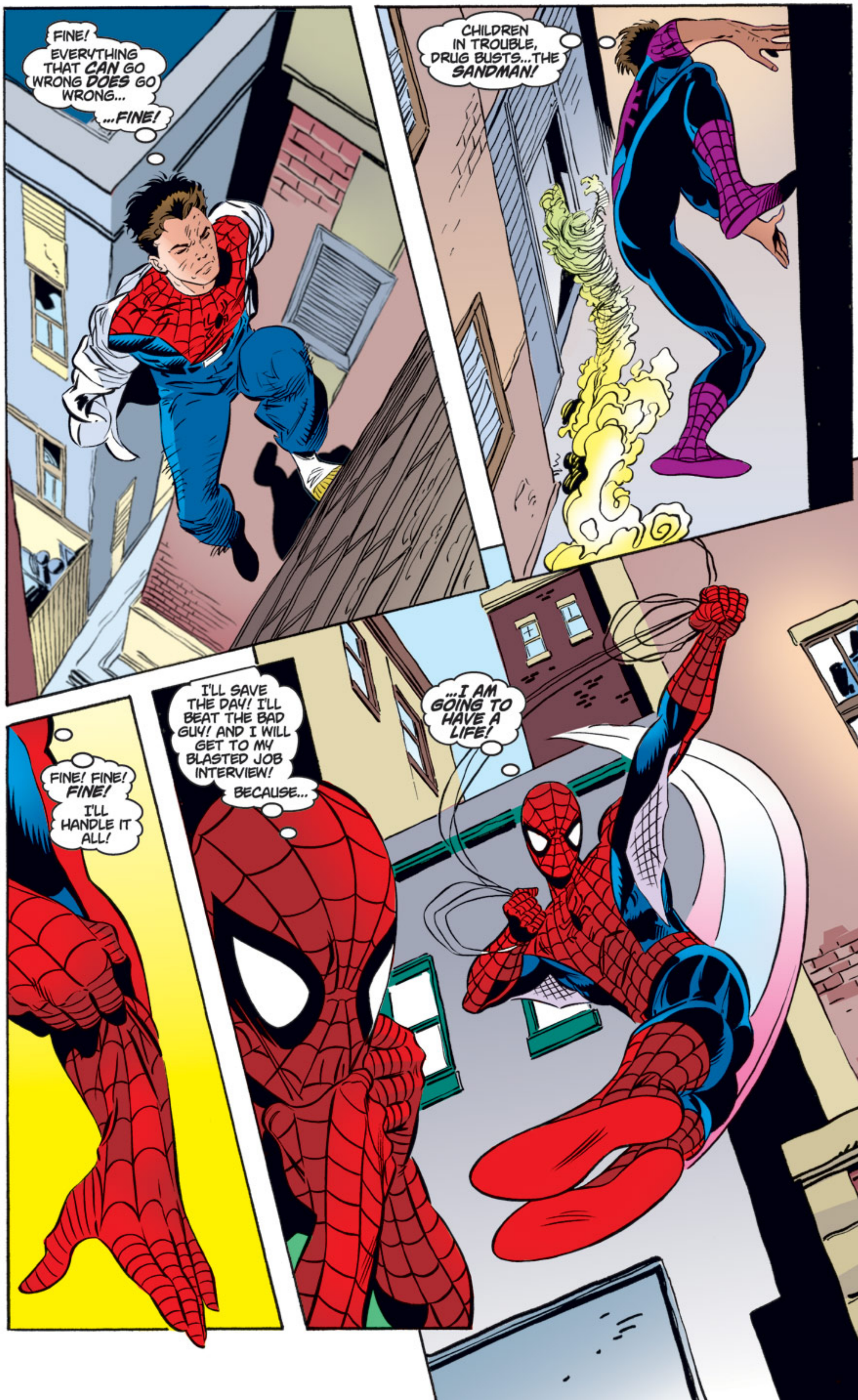
OFFICER, I HAVE NEVER --
SHUT UP!


THEN CAN YOU ANSWER ONE QUESTION...
...WHAT TIME IS IT?
POLICE
1E70D
POLICE

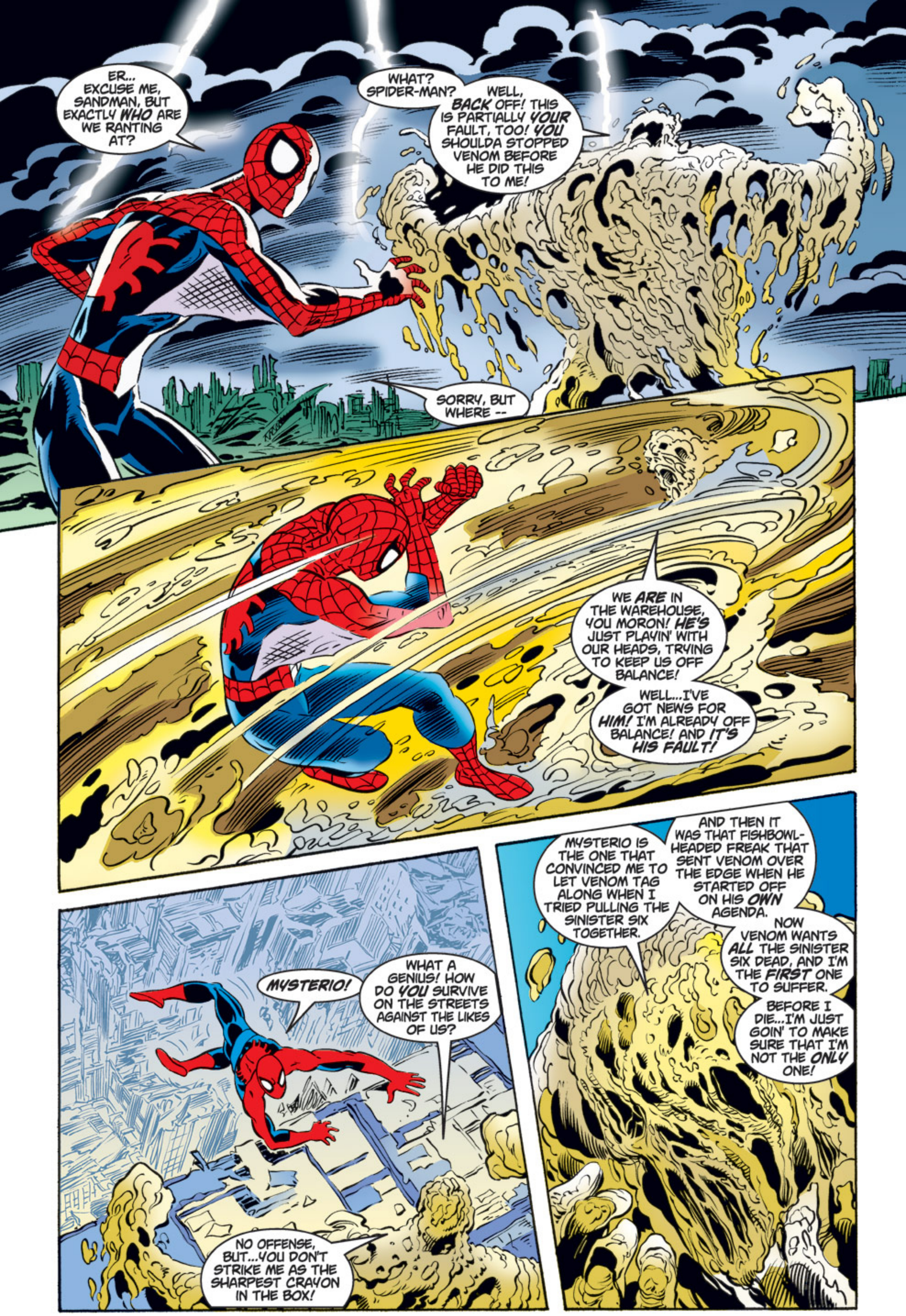

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS KID? WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHATTA YA GOT -- A PRESSING APPOINTMENT?
AS A MATTER OF FACT...
ALL UNITS! ALL UNITS! OFFICERS NEED ASSISTANCE AT 28ND AND PARK AVENUE SOUTH!
THIS IS CAR 387. WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
NYPD
WOOOOOOO
POLICE
NO.
NOT NOW. NOT TODAY.
WHOA! WE'RE GOIN' TO NEED A LOT MORE BACKUP!

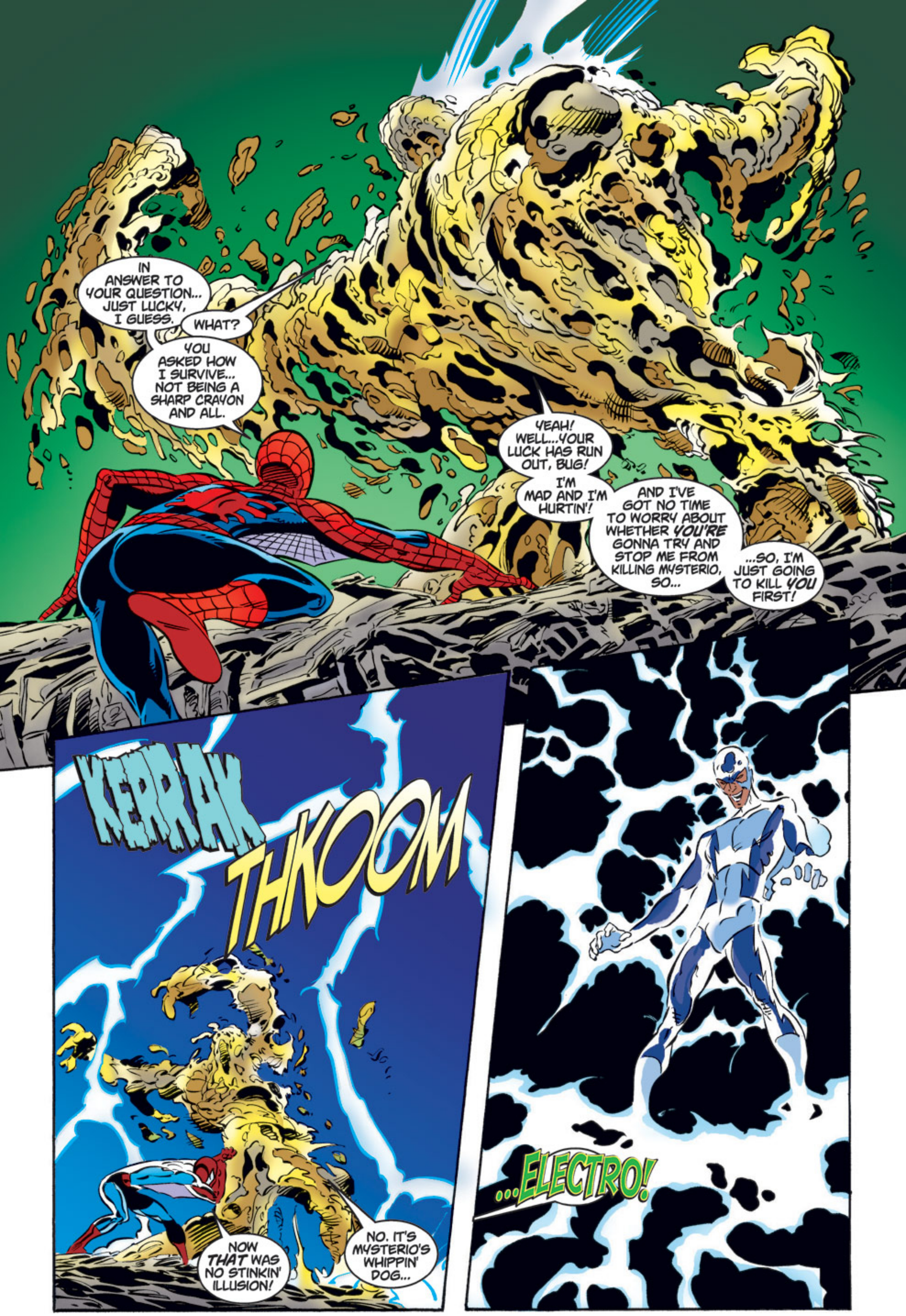
I DON'T NEED THIS!
LEAVE ME ALONE!
I JUST WANT TO FIND MYSTERIO AND KILL HIM!
PTOOM PTOOM PTOOM
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! THOSE GUYS ARE BEING SLAUGHTERED OUT THERE!
NO!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU CAN'T STOP HIM. YOU WERE RIGHT! YOU NEED BACKUP. LOTS MORE BACKUP!
CALL THE AVENGERS OR THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
COME ON! YOU GUYS NEED HELP! DON'T BE STUPID!
SNAP

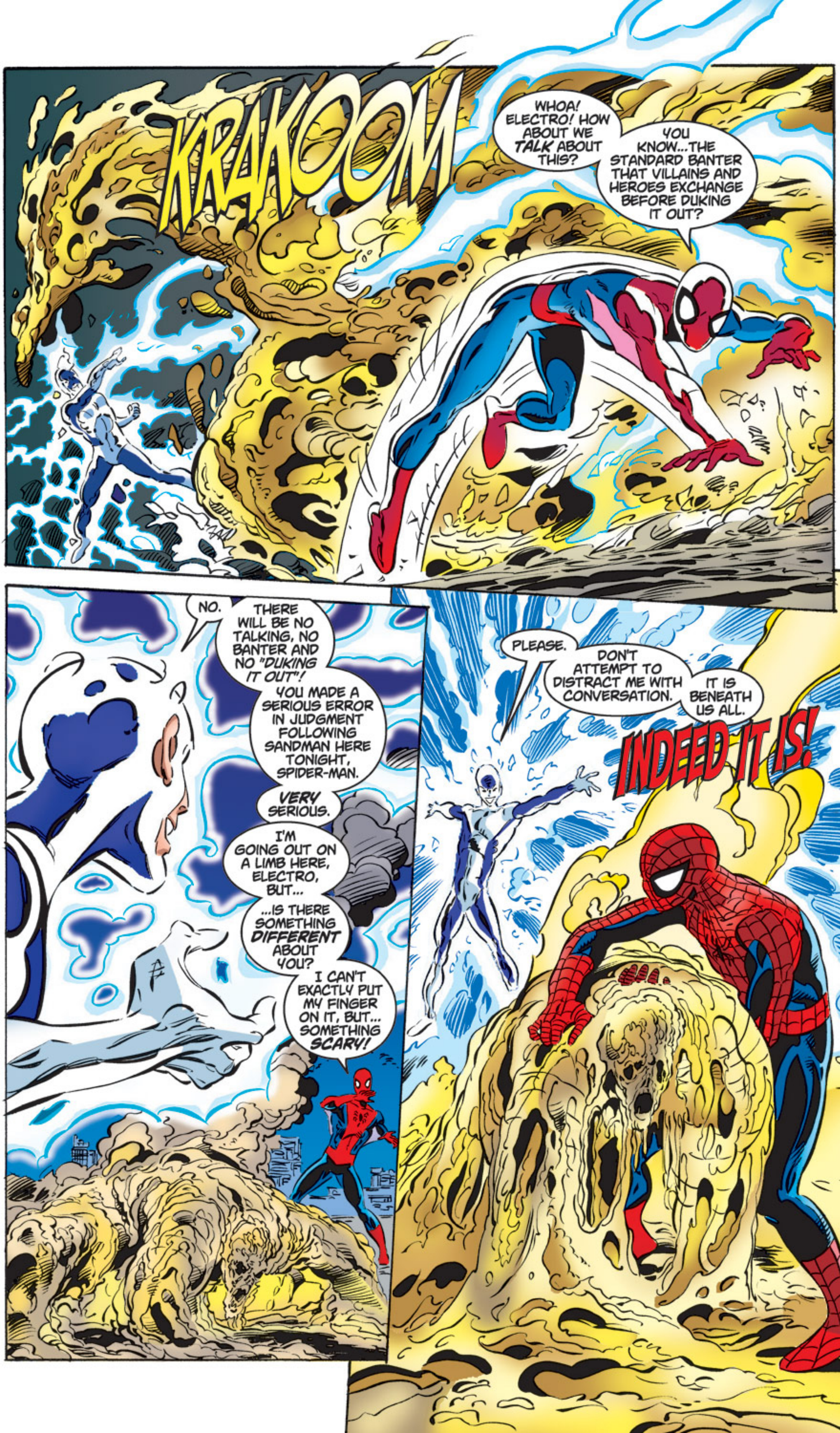
OH... COME ON!
DO I HAVE SOME SORT OF PERSONAL GOD OF MISFORTUNE LOOKING AFTER ME?
THIS ISN'T EVEN WHAT THE SANDMAN IS ALL ABOUT!
THE COPS ARE BEING SHREDDED BY THE SANDSTORM HE'S KICKING UP!
I'VE GOT TO --
GOT YOU!
THEY'RE HURTING BAD.
THEY NEED MAJOR HELP...
...AS DOES MY SUIT!
EVEN IF I HAD ANOTHER SUIT...
...I DON'T HAVE THE TIME...?
MY WATCH IS BROKEN?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW LATE I AM FOR THE INTERVIEW AND...
...MARY JANE GAVE ME THAT WATCH!
FINE!
FATE CONSPIRES AGAINST ME TO MAKE SURE I STAY BEATEN DOWN!

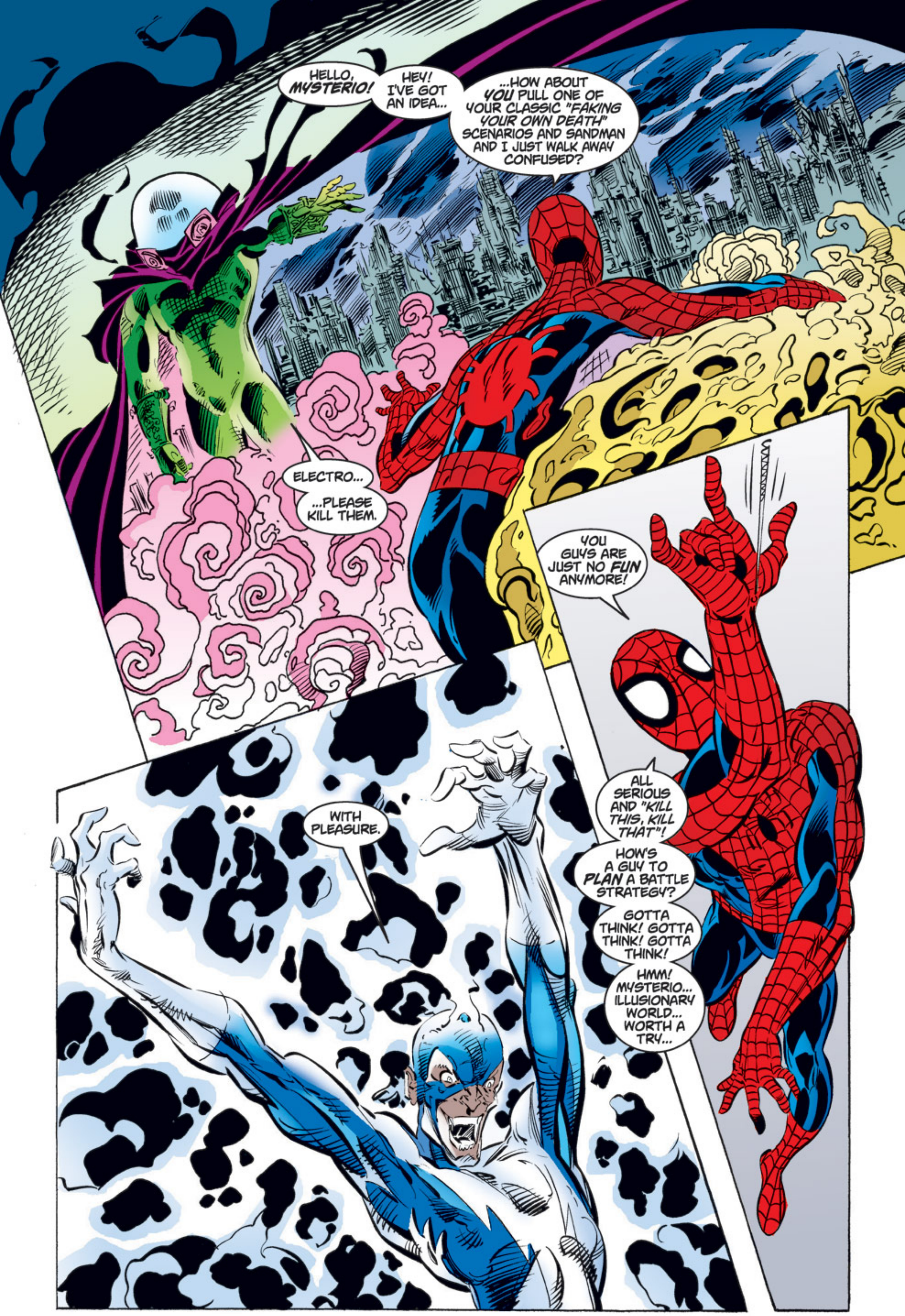

FINE! EVERYTHING THAT CAN GO WRONG DOES GO WRONG...
...FINE!
CHILDREN IN TROUBLE, DRUG BUSTS...THE SANDMAN!
FINE! FINE! FINE! I'LL HANDLE IT ALL!
I'LL SAVE THE DAY! I'LL BEAT THE BAD GUY! AND I WILL GET TO MY BLASTED JOB INTERVIEW! BECAUSE...
...I AM GOING TO HAVE A LIFE!

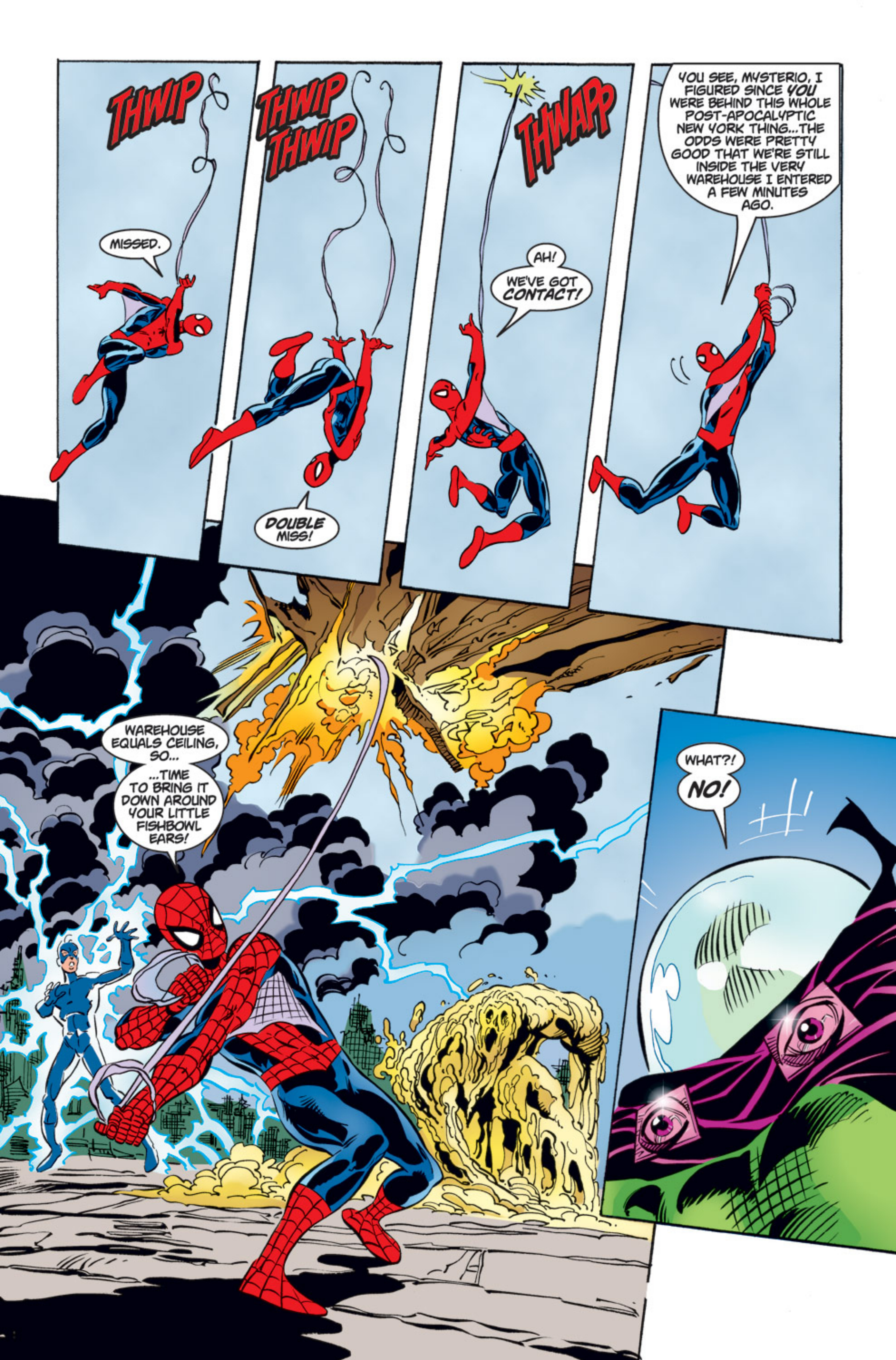
SANDMAN SLITHERED DOWN THIS WAY...IN THROUGH THIS DOOR.
YEAH! ANOTHER FIGHT IN A WAREHOUSE! NOW THAT'S MY FORTE!
KRAK
SANDMAN! COME OUT AND...
...PLAY?
ENTER A WAREHOUSE AND...
...AND COME OUT ON TO A POSTAPOCALYPTIC VERSION OF NEW YORK CITY.
MAKES SENSE.
YOU THINK THIS IS GOING TO STOP ME?
YOU CAN'T HIDE IN HERE!
I'M GOING TO FIND YOU AND MAKE YOU PAY!


ER... EXCUSE ME, SANDMAN, BUT EXACTLY WHO ARE WE RANTING AT?
WHAT? SPIDER-MAN?
WELL, BACK OFF! THIS IS PARTIALLY YOUR FAULT, TOO! YOU SHOULDA STOPPED VENOM BEFORE HE DID THIS TO ME!
SORRY, BUT WHERE --
WE ARE IN THE WAREHOUSE, YOU MORON! HE'S JUST PLAYIN' WITH OUR HEADS, TRYING TO KEEP US OFF BALANCE!
WELL...I'VE GOT NEWS FOR HIM! I'M ALREADY OFF BALANCE! AND IT'S HIS FAULT!
MYSTERIO!
WHAT A GENIUS! HOW DO YOU SURVIVE ON THE STREETS AGAINST THE LIKES OF US?
NO OFFENSE, BUT...YOU DON'T STRIKE ME AS THE SHARPEST CRAYON IN THE BOX!
MYSTERIO IS THE ONE THAT CONVINCED ME TO LET VENOM TAG ALONG WHEN I TRIED PULLING THE SINISTER SIX TOGETHER.
AND THEN IT WAS THAT FISHBOWL-HEADED FREAK THAT SENT VENOM OVER THE EDGE WHEN HE STARTED OFF ON HIS OWN AGENDA.
NOW VENOM WANTS ALL THE SINISTER SIX DEAD, AND I'M THE FIRST ONE TO SUFFER.
BEFORE I DIE...I'M JUST GOIN' TO MAKE SURE THAT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE!


IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION... JUST LUCKY, I GUESS.
WHAT?
YOU ASKED HOW I SURVIVE... NOT BEING A SHARP CRAYON AND ALL.
YEAH! WELL...YOUR LUCK HAS RUN OUT, BUG!
I'M MAD AND I'M HURTIN'!
AND I'VE GOT NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT WHETHER YOU'RE GONNA TRY AND STOP ME FROM KILLING MYSTERIO, SO...
...SO, I'M JUST GOING TO KILL YOU FIRST!
KERRAK
THKOOM
NOW THAT WAS NO STINKIN' ILLUSION!
NO. IT'S MYSTERIO'S WHIPPIN' DOG...
...ELECTRO!


KRAKOOM
WHOA! ELECTRO! HOW ABOUT WE TALK ABOUT THIS?
YOU KNOW...THE STANDARD BANTER THAT VILLAINS AND HEROES EXCHANGE BEFORE DUKING IT OUT?
NO.
THERE WILL BE NO TALKING, NO BANTER AND NO "DUKING IT OUT"!
YOU MADE A SERIOUS ERROR IN JUDGMENT FOLLOWING SANDMAN HERE TONIGHT, SPIDER-MAN.
VERY SERIOUS.
I'M GOING OUT ON A LIMB HERE, ELECTRO, BUT...
...IS THERE SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT YOU?
I CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MY FINGER ON IT, BUT... SOMETHING SCARY!
PLEASE.
DON'T ATTEMPT TO DISTRACT ME WITH CONVERSATION.
IT IS BENEATH US ALL.
INDEED IT IS!


HELLO, MYSTERIO!
HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA...
...HOW ABOUT YOU PULL ONE OF YOUR CLASSIC "FAKING YOUR OWN DEATH" SCENARIOS AND SANDMAN AND I JUST WALK AWAY CONFUSED?
ELECTRO...
...PLEASE KILL THEM.
YOU GUYS ARE JUST NO FUN ANYMORE!
WITH PLEASURE.
ALL SERIOUS AND "KILL THIS, KILL THAT"!
HOW'S A GUY TO PLAN A BATTLE STRATEGY?
GOTTA THINK! GOTTA THINK! GOTTA THINK!
HMM! MYSTERIO... ILLUSIONARY WORLD... WORTH A TRY...


THWIP
MISSED.
THWIP THWIP
DOUBLE MISS!
THWAPP
AH!
WE'VE GOT CONTACT!
YOU SEE, MYSTERIO, I FIGURED SINCE YOU WERE BEHIND THIS WHOLE POST-APOCALYPTIC NEW YORK THING...THE ODDS WERE PRETTY GOOD THAT WE'RE STILL INSIDE THE VERY WAREHOUSE I ENTERED A FEW MINUTES AGO.
WAREHOUSE EQUALS CEILING, SO...
...TIME TO BRING IT DOWN AROUND YOUR LITTLE FISHBOWL EARS!
WHAT?!
NO!

I JUST WANT YOU *BOTH* TO REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE PICKING SPLINTERS OUT OF YOUR BUTTS...

...*I* WAS WILLING TO *BANTER!*

COME ON, SANDMAN.

FRAKOOM

YOU SHOULDA LET ME DIE.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER THAN LIVIN' LIKE *THIS!*

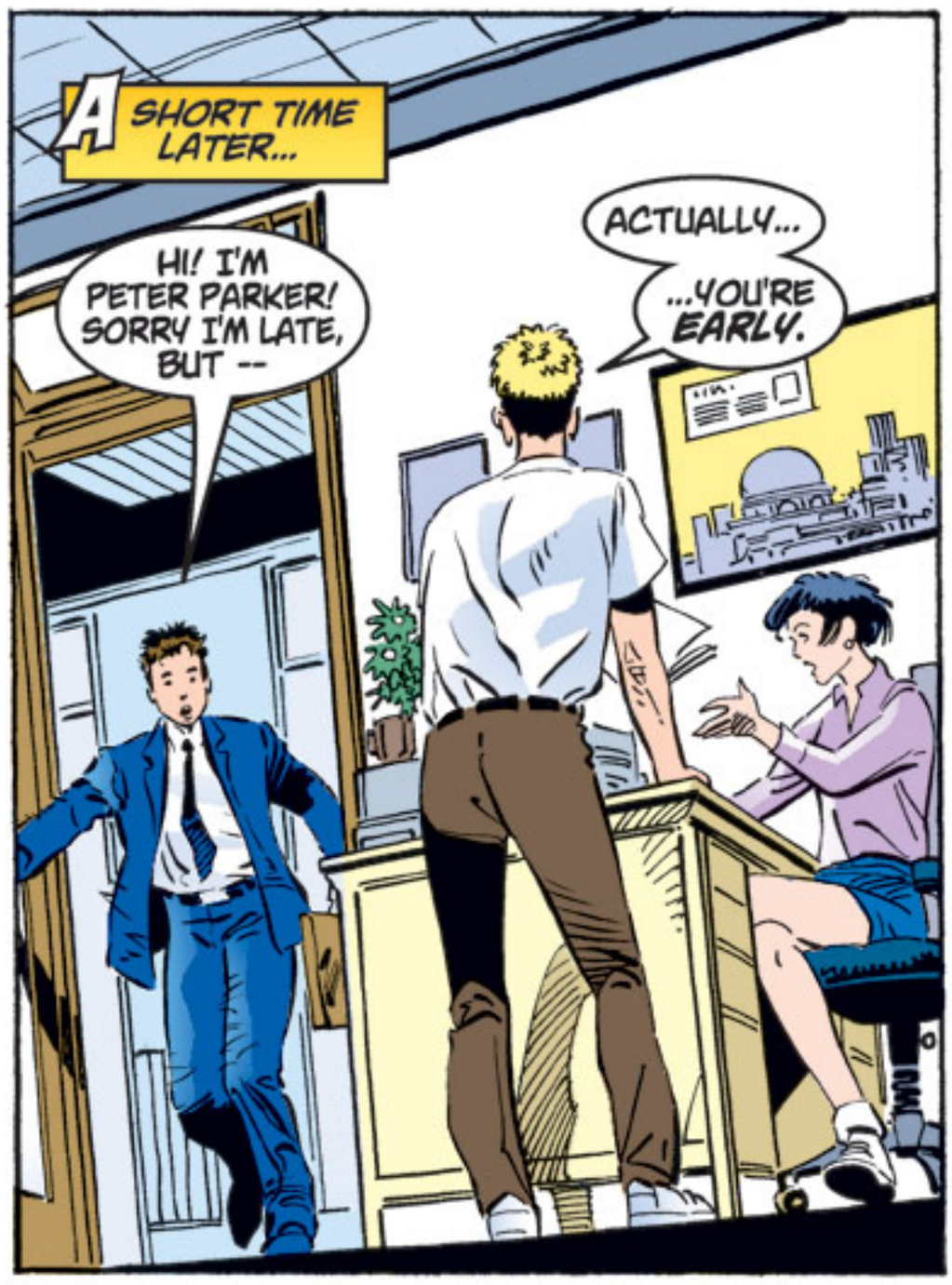
I'M A GOOD GUY. COULDN'T DO THAT.

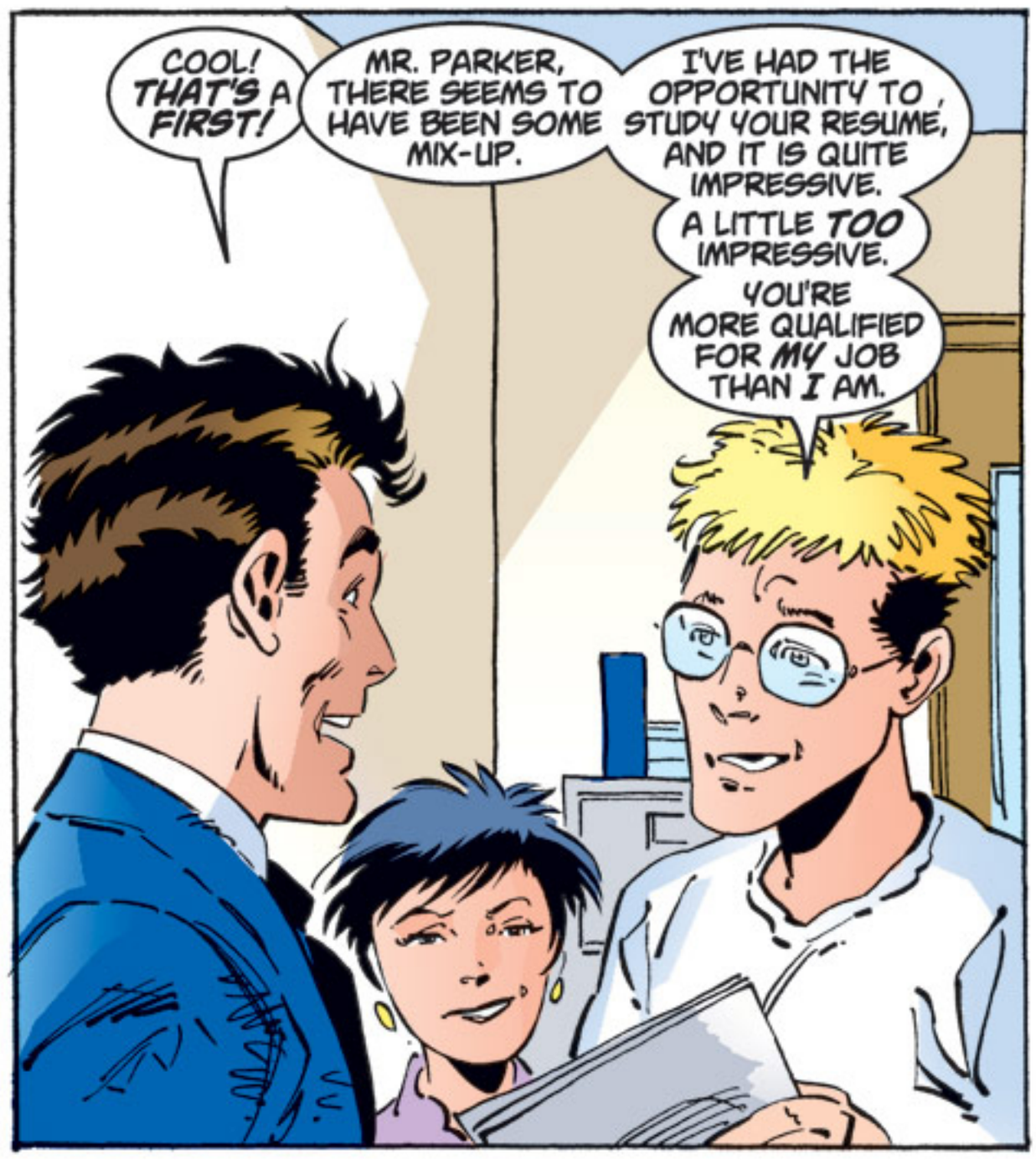
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...THE POLICE WILL HANDLE YOU FROM HERE...

...AND HOPEFULLY *THIS TIME* SOMEONE REMEMBERED TO CALL THE AVENGERS!

BUT I AM VERY LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT.

I THINK.


A SHORT TIME LATER...
HI! I'M PETER PARKER! SORRY I'M LATE, BUT --
ACTUALLY...
...YOU'RE EARLY.


COOL! THAT'S A FIRST!
MR. PARKER, THERE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SOME MIX-UP.
I'VE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY YOUR RESUME, AND IT IS QUITE IMPRESSIVE.
A LITTLE TOO IMPRESSIVE.
YOU'RE MORE QUALIFIED FOR MY JOB THAN I AM.

I'M AFRAID A SMALL START-UP COMPANY LIKE OURS COULD NEVER HOLD YOUR INTEREST FOR LONG.
I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PASS.
BUT --
SORRY.

YEAH... ME, TOO!
NOW WHAT DO I DO?
FIRE

I NEED MONEY. I NEED A JOB! I NEED A LIFE.

DISHWASHER WANTED ASK INSIDE
THE END